



# The Comic Rack



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BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

FATHER VS. SON

# THE PUNISHER 2099



DIRECT EDITION

02211



7 59606 01159 9

Coleby  
-94-

HIS FAMILY WAS MURDERED BY A PSYCHOPATH IN AN AGE WHERE JUSTICE CAN BE BOUGHT AND NO ONE BELIEVES IN OLD-FASHIONED PUNISHMENT ANYMORE... NO ONE EXCEPT JAKE GALLOWAY... A WEAPONS SPECIALIST IN THE PUBLIC EYE POLICE FORCE BY DAY, AT NIGHT HE IS INCORRUPTIBLE JUSTICE.

STAN LEE PRESENTS

# THE PUNISHER 2099

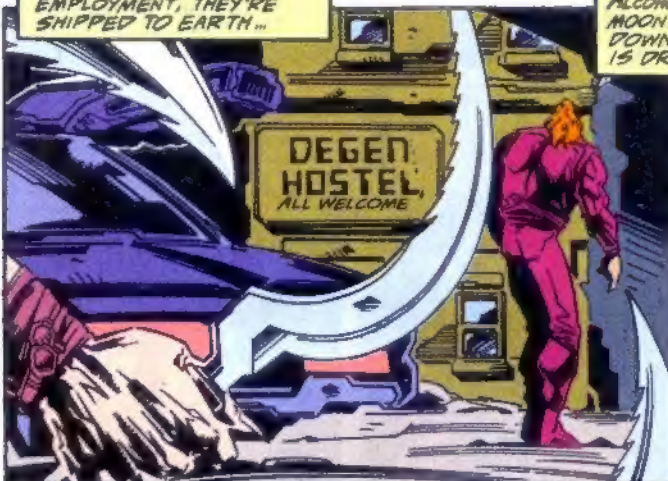
THEY CALL THEM  
"MOONCHILDREN"...

OFFICIALLY THESE KIDS ARE  
EX-CITIZENS OF THE LUNA  
COLONIES... LACKING  
EMPLOYMENT, THEY'RE  
SHIPPED TO EARTH...

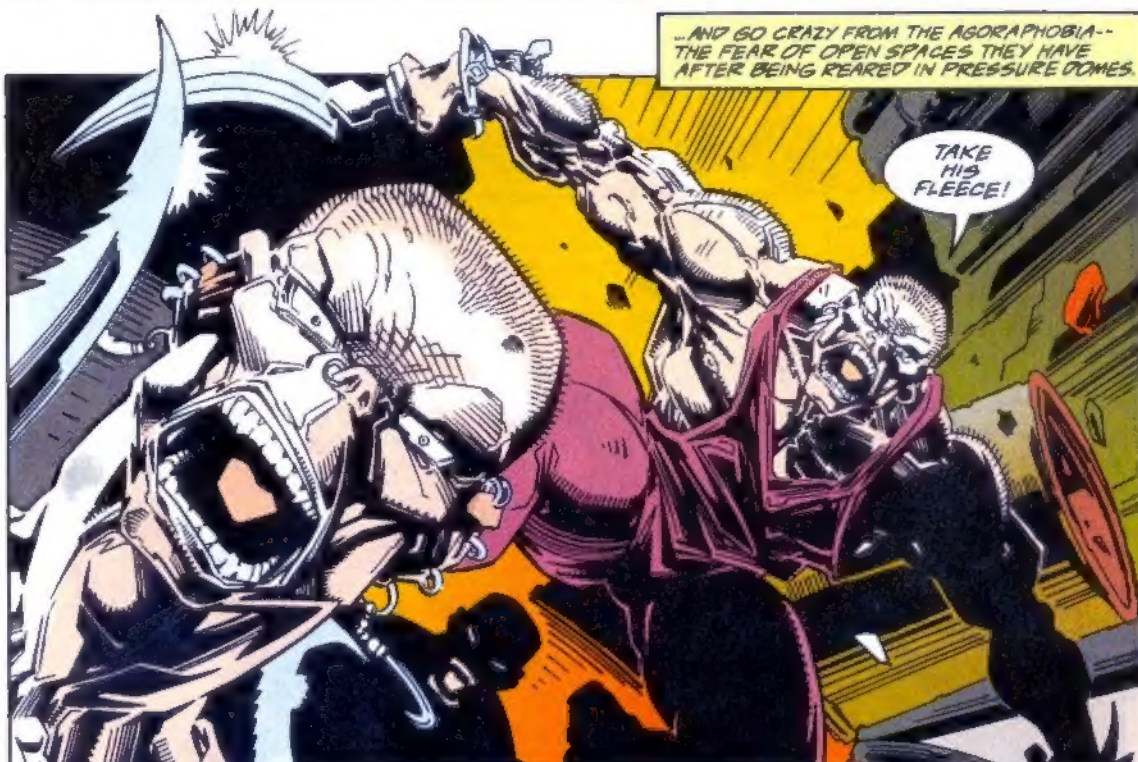
ALCOHOL'S ILLEGAL ON THE  
MOON... SO WHEN THEY COME  
DOWN HERE, ALL THEY DO  
IS DRINK...

HE'LL DO  
NICELY! SKIN  
UP, GUYS!

YEAH!  
FLAYING  
TIME!



...AND GO CRAZY FROM THE AGORAPHOBIA--  
THE FEAR OF OPEN SPACES THEY HAVE  
AFTER BEING REARED IN PRESSURE DOMES.



EARTH'S OPEN SKY BOTHERS THEM... ESPECIALLY WHEN IT DROPS ACID RAIN ONTO THEIR FRAGILE COMPLEXIONS...

IT'S ALSO WHY THEY'RE SO UGLY! ALTHOUGH THAT'S NOT THEIR FAULT...

...BUT SKINNING PEOPLE ALIVE IS.

THEY WANT FRESH SKIN TO COVER THEIR FACES. THEN ALL THEY NEED IS A "GRAFTOMATIC" AND A BENT DOCTOR ...TO HAVE A WEATHERPROOF COMPLEXION.

MUST LEAD THEM AWAY FROM THE HOSTEL...

...ONLY ONE CHANCE FOR ME--CALL JAKE ON MY WRIST COMMUNICATOR...

...THE PUNISHER WILL DEAL WITH THEM!

BEING PHYSICALLY WEAK FROM THE LOW-G, THEY HAVE TO RUN AROUND IN GANGS, GIVING THEIR VICTIMS PRE-OP BEATINGS.

SHOCK! HE'LL NEVER GET HERE IN TIME. MAYBE HE WON'T EVEN TRY... I WAS PRETTY HARD ON HIM WHEN WE PARTED.

THE MOONCHILDREN CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE--IT WOULD BE NICE JUST TO SMASH THEM ON SIGHT.

BUT I HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THEY ACTUALLY DO SOMETHING WRONG...

NICE PINK EPIDERMIS!

NO ZITS OR SCARS!

YEAH... SMOOTH, MAN... SMOOTH...

GREAT! NOW I  
CAN REALLY GO  
AFTER THEM!

# KING OF THE MOTHER



PAT MILLS & TONY SKINNER  
WRITERS

SIMON COLEBY  
PENCILER

KEITH WILLIAMS  
INKER

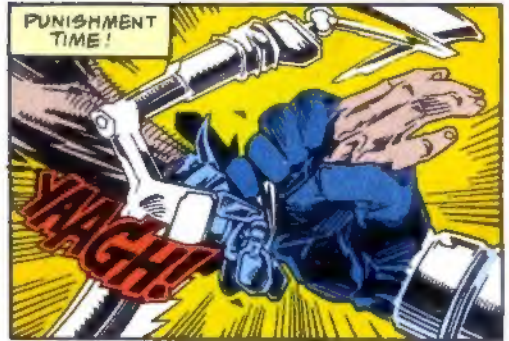
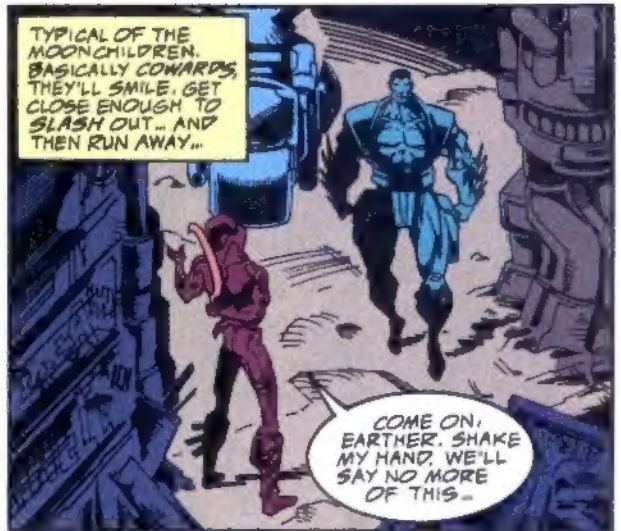
FELIX WELLS  
LETTERS

IAN LAUGHLIN  
COLOR

MATT MORRA  
EDITOR

JOEY CAVALIERI  
GROUP ED.

TOM DEFALCO  
SPECIAL GUEST VILLAIN



I'M GOING TO ENJOY HURTING THEM...

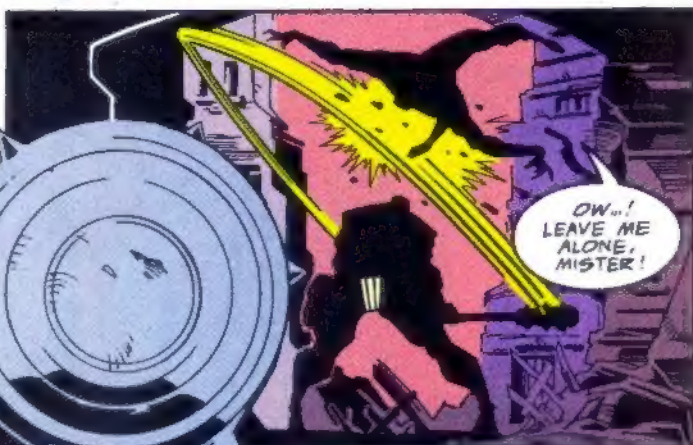


A GOOD POWER-BATTLING WILL RESOLVE THE SENSITIVE ISSUES OF THEIR MEDICAL CONDITION.

POWER-BAT HALF HARD... YOU SCUM AREN'T WORTH MAX DENSITY.



I SEE MYSELF AS A KINDA... SOCIAL WORKER.



OW...! LEAVE ME ALONE, MISTER!



I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE YOU ALONE UNTIL YOU'VE ALL BEEN HOSPITALIZED!

AND WHEN YOU COME  
OUT OF THE HOSPITAL,  
I'LL BE WAITING OUT-  
SIDE TO CRIPPLE  
YOU AGAIN!

SCUM... THEY ALWAYS PICK  
ON WEAK TARGETS... THEY  
HAVEN'T GOT THE GUTS TO  
FIGHT IT OUT WITH SOME-  
ONE LIKE ME...

THAT'S  
ENOUGH, MY  
FRIEND... BACK  
OFF OR I  
OPEN HIS  
THROAT.

NO, I  
DON'T THINK  
SO...

...BECAUSE  
YOU'RE  
SPINELESS AND  
WE BOTH KNOW  
THAT IF YOU CUT  
HIM, I'LL RIP  
YOUR ARMS OFF  
AND FEED  
THEM TO  
YOU!

ER...  
ER...

IDIOT! I'M  
GONNA DO IT  
ANYWAY!



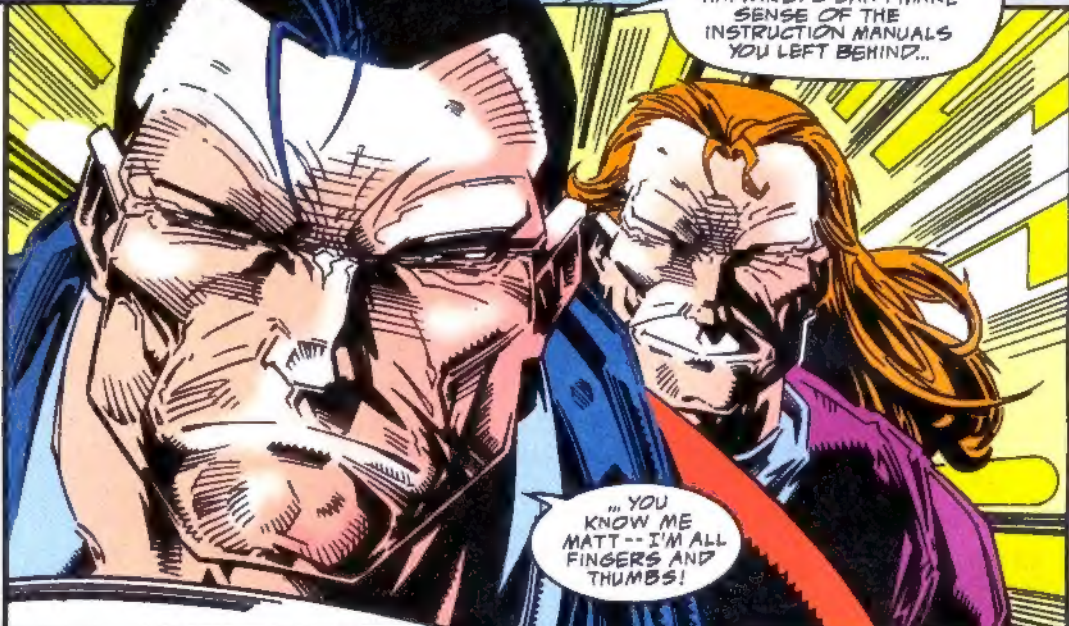


C'MON, AT LEAST LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT BACK TO YOUR DESEN HOSTEL.

YEAH, SURE--UH, SO HOW HAVE THINGS BEEN?

OH, GREAT! YEAH, REALLY GREAT!

ACTUALLY--NO. IT'S BEEN TERRIBLE... ALL MY HIGH-TECH'S GOING HAYWIRE. I CAN'T MAKE SENSE OF THE INSTRUCTION MANUALS YOU LEFT BEHIND...

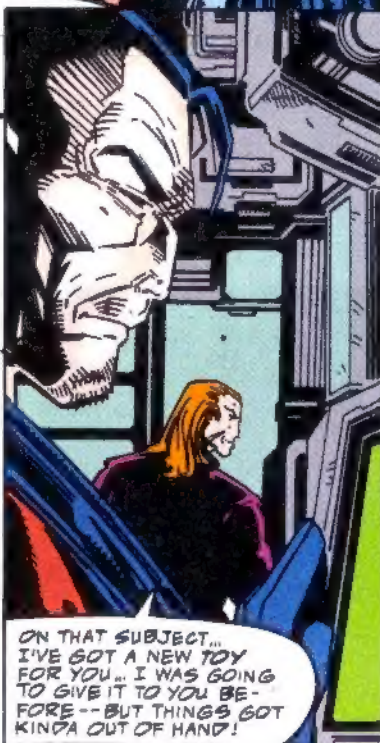


"YOU KNOW ME MATT--I'M ALL FINGERS AND THUMBS!



YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT TO MAKE ME FEEL NEEDED, JAKE.

OKAY-- THAT'S TRUE, BUT I DO NEED YOU, MATT. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO CAN MAKE THE EQUIPMENT STAND UP AND DANCE.



ON THAT SUBJECT... I'VE GOT A NEW TOY FOR YOU... I WAS GOING TO GIVE IT TO YOU BEFORE--BUT THINGS GOT KINDA OUT OF HAND!



VERY NICE--UM, WHAT IS IT?

IT REPLACES YOUR FACE SCRAMBLER... BUT THIS ONE DOESN'T JUST WORK FOR CAMERAS-- IT WORKS FOR PEOPLE, TOO.

SO THERE'S NO DANGER OF YOU BEING RECOGNIZED IN THE FLESH. NO DANGER.

FROM MY SIDE. EVERY-  
THING SEEMS NORMAL...  
HOW DO I LOOK?

LIKE  
DEATH...

IT'S A MIRAGE-  
EFFECT HOLOGRAM  
IMAGE INVERTER...  
IT'S ON BASIC SKULL  
MODE AT THE MO-  
MENT, BUT YOU CAN  
DISGUISE YOUR-  
SELF AS ANYONE  
YOU LIKE...

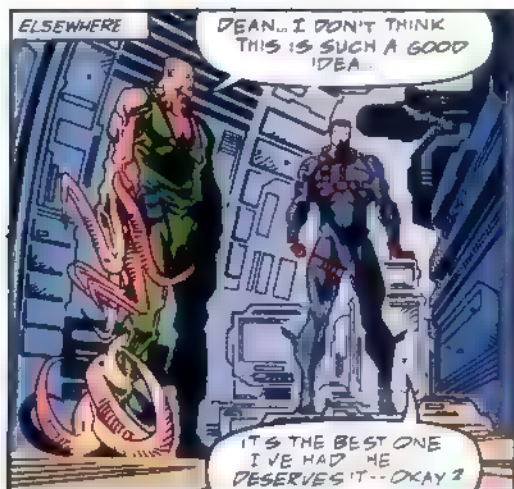
IT HAS A  
"STARTER PACK"  
OF FIFTY  
PROMINENT  
PEOPLE

WHAT  
ABOUT RETINA  
SCANS? DOES  
IT HAVE  
A--

PLEASE,  
JAKE THIS IS  
ME, OKAY?  
BELIEVE ME,  
I'VE EVERY-  
THING.

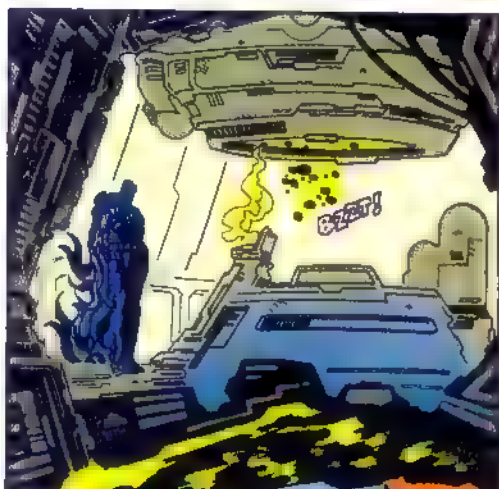
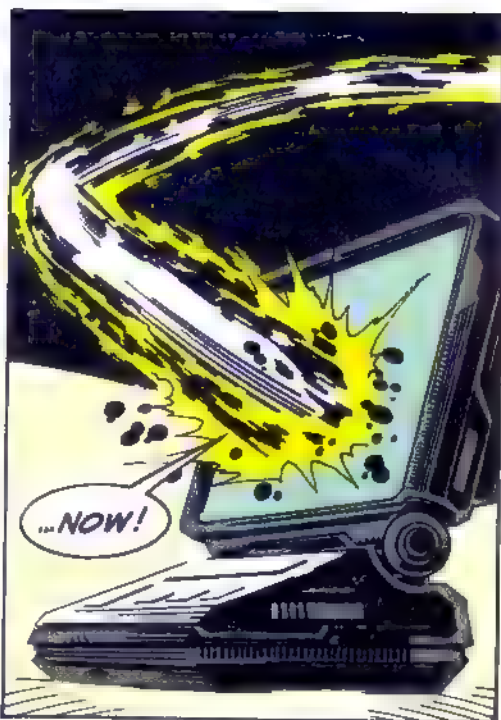
GREAT  
AND IT'S ALL  
DONE WITH JUST  
A SMALL CHIP ON  
THE SHOULDER.  
NO SWEATY  
MASK





BUT IT'S GREAT HE'S AWAY  
I DON'T WANT TO MEET  
HIM-- I JUST WANT HIS  
POSSESSIONS

STAND  
BACK CHUCK--  
I'M BEAMING  
IN



HE'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT'S  
HAPPENED. I'M A LIVING  
IMPOSSIBILITY- MATTER  
CAN'T TRANSMIT DOWN  
A HOLOBEAM.

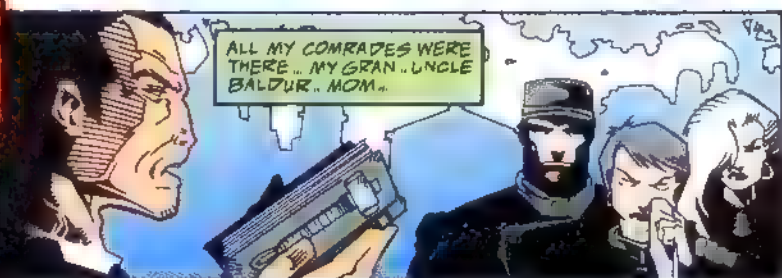
BUT  
I'M DOING  
IT RIGHT  
NOW!



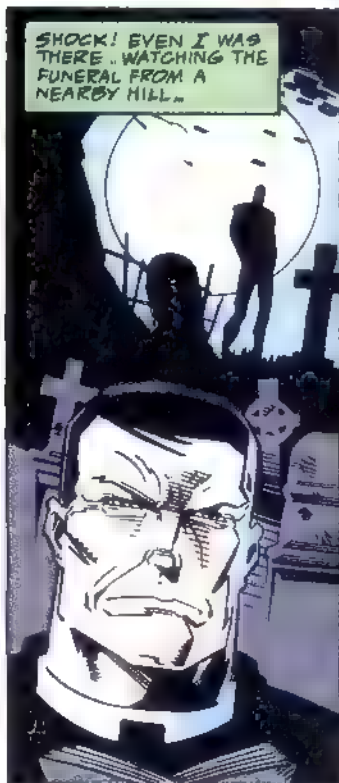
BESIDES, HE THINKS  
I'M DEAD--"MISSING  
IN ACTION".

WHEN THE SUN FLARE  
SCREWED UP THE TRANS-  
MAT SATELLITE BEAM,  
I WAS OFFICIALLY  
BLOWN INTO ATOMS..

"SO THEY HELD  
AN HONORARY  
FUNERAL FOR  
ME, COMPLETE  
WITH A TWENTY-  
ONE GUN  
SALUTE...



ALL MY COMRADES WERE  
THERE.. MY GRAN..UNCLE  
BALDUR.. MOM..



SHOCK! EVEN I WAS  
THERE..WATCHING THE  
FUNERAL FROM A  
NEARBY HILL..

"BUT GUESS  
WHO WASN'T  
THERE?"

HE NEVER HAD ANYTHING  
TO DO WITH ME WHILE  
I WAS ALIVE..AND HE  
COULDN'T EVEN BE  
BOTHERED TO TURN  
UP AT MY FUNERAL..

"IT WAS AS IF  
I'D NEVER  
EXISTED"



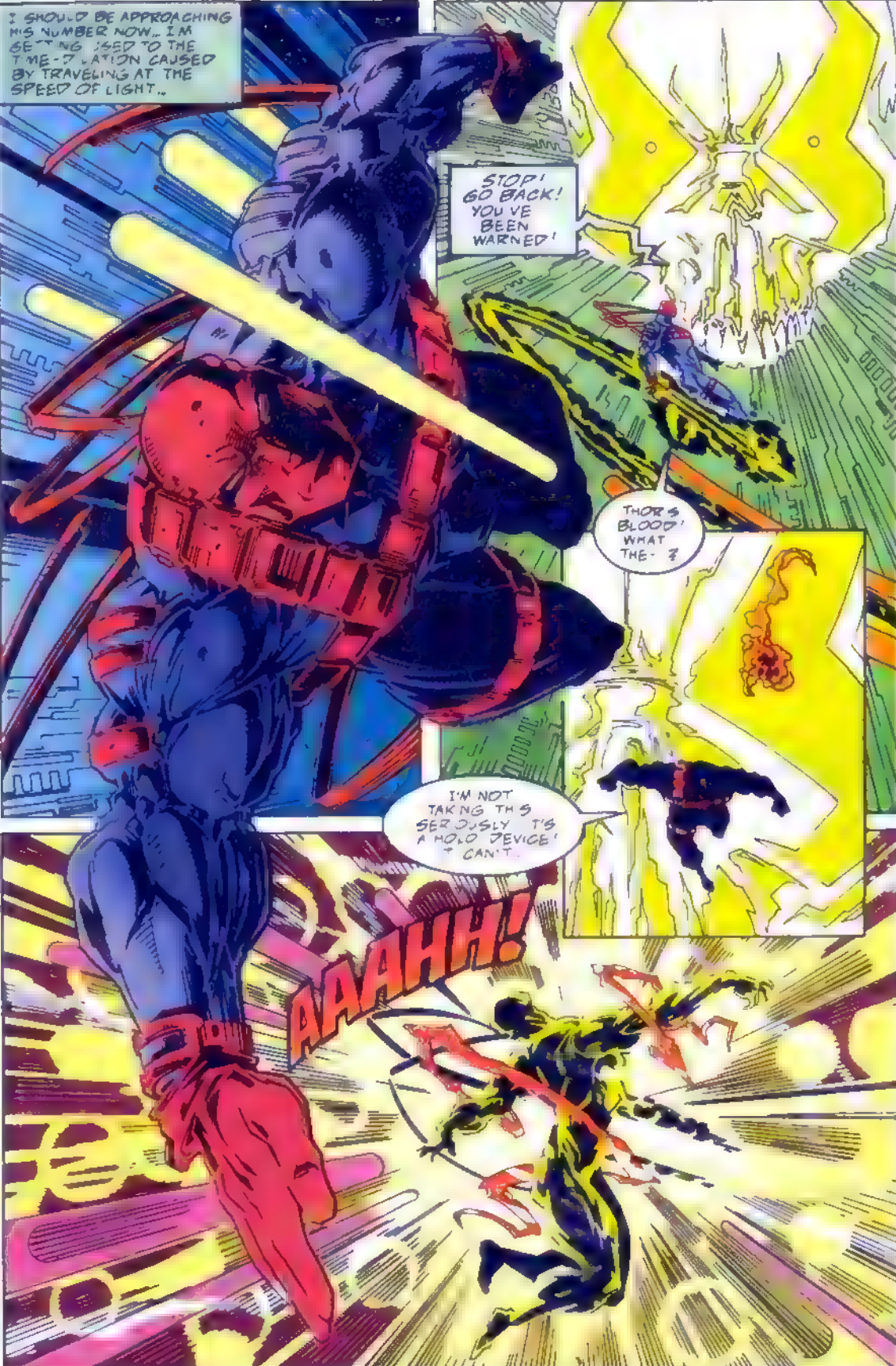
I SHOULD BE APPROACHING HIS NUMBER NOW... I'M GETTING USED TO THE TIME-DILATION CAUSED BY TRAVELING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT...

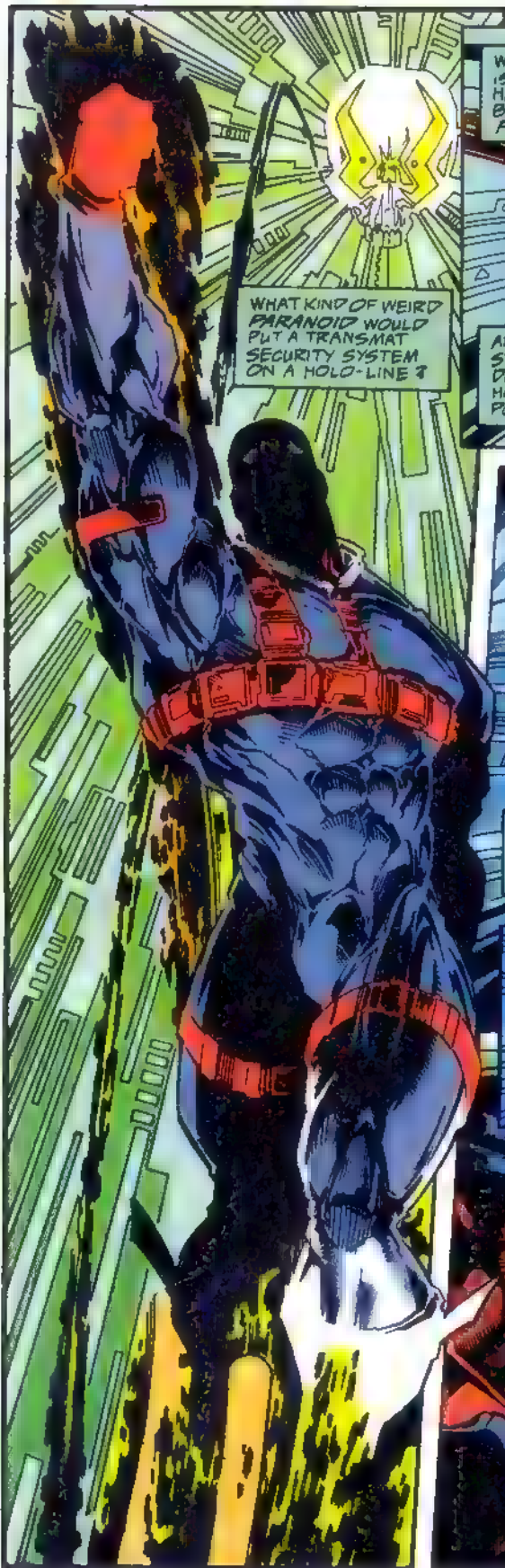
STOP!  
GO BACK!  
YOU'VE  
BEEN  
WARNED!

THOR'S  
BLOOD!  
WHAT  
THE-?

I'M NOT  
TAKING THIS  
SERIOUSLY. IT'S  
A HOLD DEVICE!  
I CAN'T.

**AAAAHHH!**



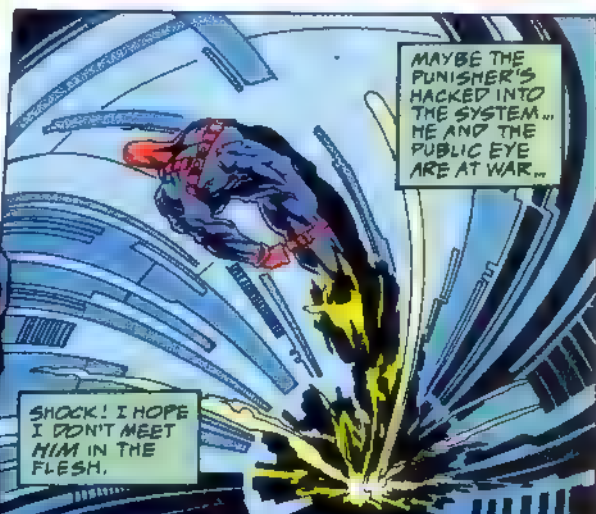


WHAT KIND OF WEIRD  
PARANOID WOULD  
PUT A TRANSMAT  
SECURITY SYSTEM  
ON A HOLO-LINE?

WHAT I'M DOING  
ISN'T POSSIBLE...  
HE'D HAVE TO  
BE A COMPLETE  
PSYCHO!

AND THAT SKULL  
SYMBOL--WHAT'S IT  
DOING ON MY DAD'S  
HOLO-LINE? IT'S A  
POLICE LINE...

...AND ISN'T THE  
SKULL SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH THE  
VIGILANTE THEY  
CALL THE  
PUNISHER?



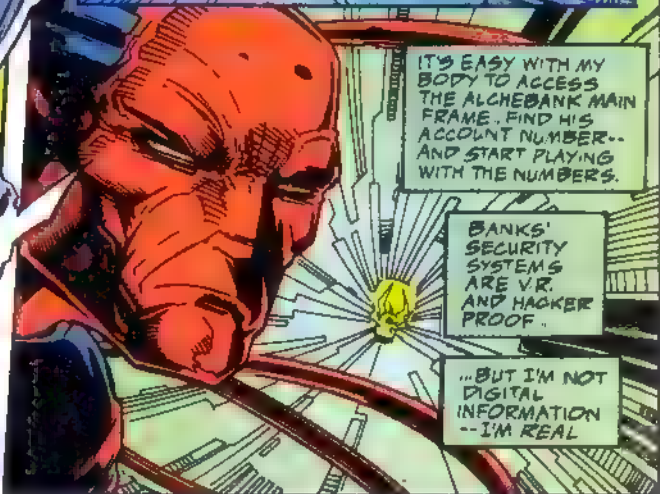
MAYBE THE  
PUNISHER'S  
HACKED INTO  
THE SYSTEM...  
HE AND THE  
PUBLIC EYE  
ARE AT WAR...

SHOCK! I HOPE  
I DON'T MEET  
HIM IN THE  
FLESH.



BUT THERE'S  
ANOTHER WAY  
I CAN STEAL  
FROM DAD...

I CAN ENTER HIS  
BANK... KNOCK A  
FEW ZEROS OFF  
HIS ACCOUNT



IT'S EASY WITH MY  
BODY TO ACCESS  
THE ALCEBANK MAIN  
FRAME. FIND HIS  
ACCOUNT NUMBER..  
AND START PLAYING  
WITH THE NUMBERS.

BANKS'  
SECURITY  
SYSTEMS  
ARE V.R.  
AND HACKER  
PROOF...

...BUT I'M NOT  
DIGITAL  
INFORMATION  
--I'M REAL



NO, NOT IMPOSSIBLE--  
IT JUST HAPPENED  
CAN WE TRACK IT?

THE SYSTEM  
HAS ALREADY  
INITIATED ITS  
AUTO-TRACK  
FACILITY

WELL, WELL  
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?  
YOUR PARANOIA  
FINALLY PAID  
OFF

MEANING?

ACCORDING  
TO THESE READINGS,  
IT WAS A HIGH-ENERGY  
TRANSMAT SIGNAL,  
USING THE HOLO-  
LINE

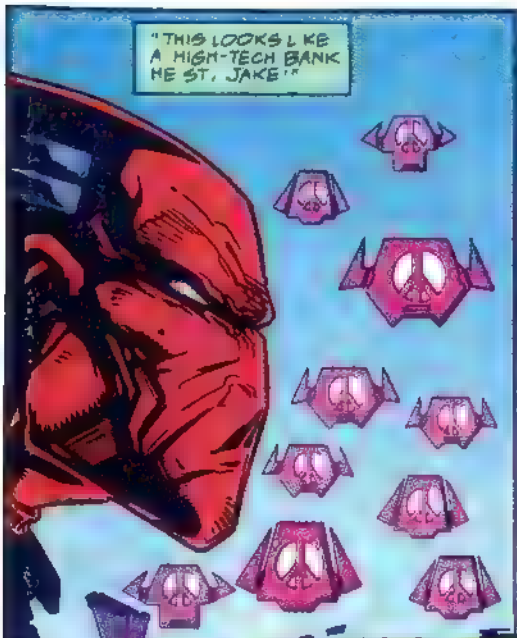
SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO  
PHYSICALLY ENTER THIS  
BUILDING USING THE HOLO.  
BUT THAT'S BEEN PROVED  
IMPOSSIBLE--

WHERE  
IS HE NOW,  
MATT?

LET ME SEE.  
HE'S ENTERING  
A MAINFRAME  
FACILITY... HE'S  
ABOUT TO HIT  
THE SECURITY...

MATT--  
YOU'RE BEING  
REALLY ANNOYING  
WHICH MAINFRAME?  
WHERE IS HE?

"OH, THAT.  
HE'S AT  
ALCHE-  
BANK..."

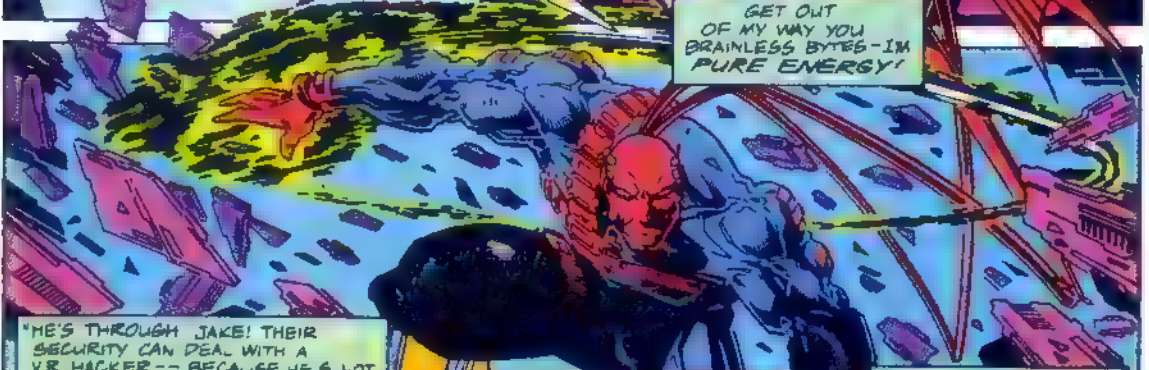


"THIS LOOKS LIKE  
A HIGH-TECH BANK  
HE ST, JAKE"



ATTENTION INTRUDER!  
YOU'RE VIOLATING ALCHEMAX  
FISCAL-SPACE

YOU'RE FACING SECURITY  
SYSTEM ALPHA NINE-ZERO...  
COPYRIGHT JOHN AND  
REP TED 2098.

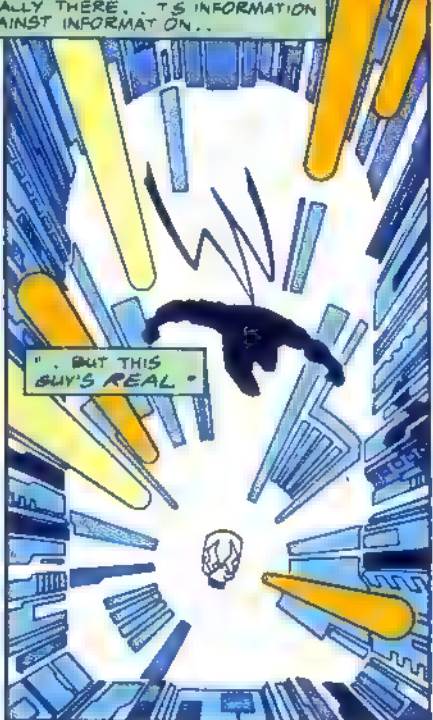


GET OUT  
OF MY WAY YOU  
BRAINLESS BYTES- I'M  
PURE ENERGY!

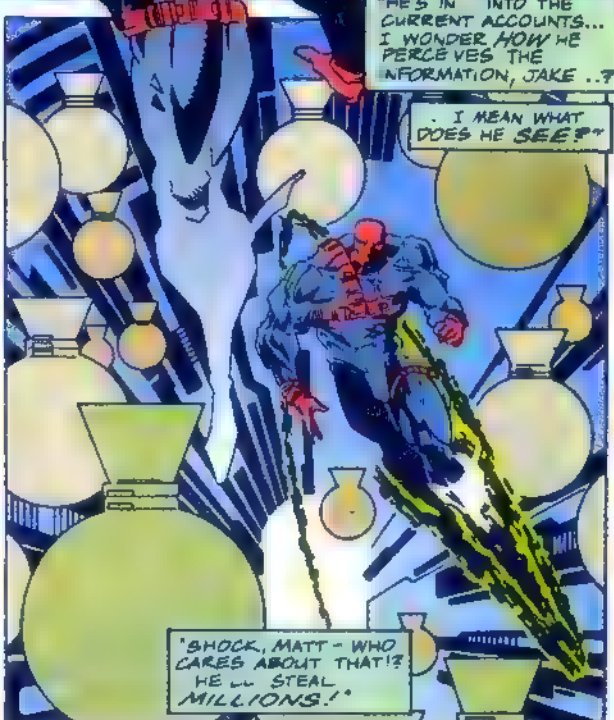
"HE'S THROUGH JAKE! THEIR  
SECURITY CAN DEAL WITH A  
VR HACKER-- BECAUSE HE'S NOT  
REALLY THERE... IT'S INFORMATION  
AGAINST INFORMATION..."

"HE'S IN INTO THE  
CURRENT ACCOUNTS...  
I WONDER HOW HE  
PERCEIVES THE  
INFORMATION, JAKE...?"

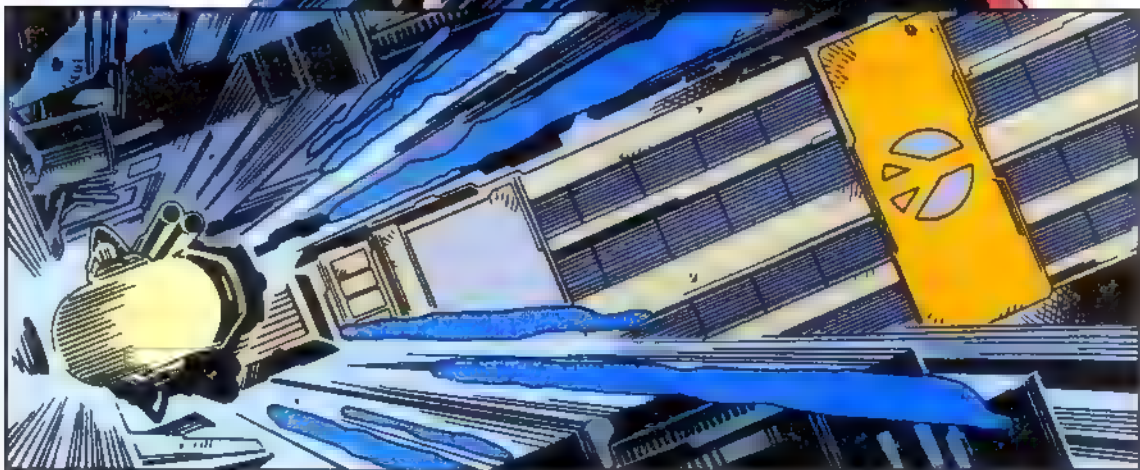
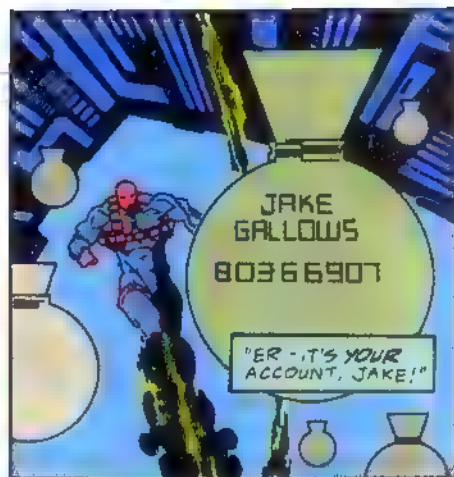
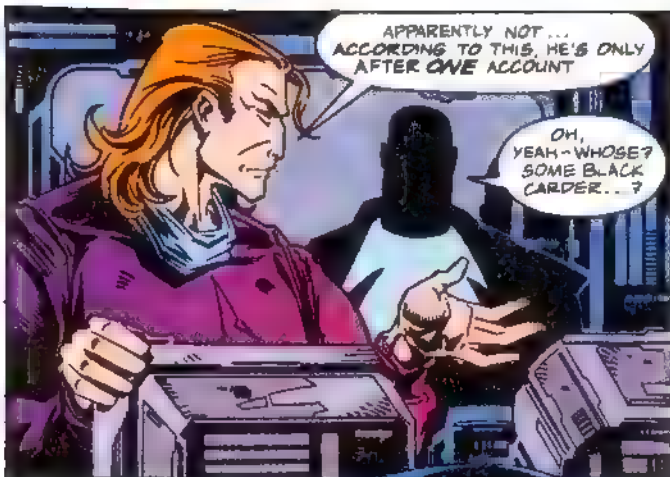
"I MEAN WHAT  
DOES HE SEE?"



"... BUT THIS  
GUY'S REAL"



"SHOCK, MATT - WHO  
CARES ABOUT THAT?  
HE'LL STEAL  
MILLIONS!"



MATT ESTIMATES I'VE GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES... FIRST UP, I'VE GOT TO GET IN THE BANK.

IT'S REINFORCED STONE-  
CRETE-- AND THE DOORS  
HAVE RANDOM COMBI-  
NATION ELECTRO-LOCKS  
NOT EVEN MATT COULD  
FIGURE OUT.

SONIC  
IMPLODERS  
WILL LET ME  
BLOW DOWN  
THE WALL  
WITHOUT A  
WHISPER...

SSSHHH!

SPRAK!

AND ACCORDING TO  
MATT'S PLAN, IT HAS  
TO BE THIS SPOT  
EXACTLY, TO AVOID  
INTERNAL DETECTORS!

ALCHE  
BANK

WHOOOMP!

BUT IT'S NOT  
SECURITY  
DETECTORS  
I'M WORRIED  
ABOUT...

AH, HERE IT  
COMES... THE  
SECURITY  
ROBOT!

STOP, INTRUDER!  
LAY DOWN YOUR  
WEAPONS AND  
ASSUME A PRONE  
POSITION! YOU  
HAVE FIVE SECONDS  
TO COMPLY... FOUR  
SECONDS... THREE  
SECONDS...



GOT IT—CLEANED OUT  
DAD'S BANK ACCOUNT...  
ALL INTO MY NEW DELAYED-  
ACCESS "SEARCH BOX."

ALL I GOTTA DO IS  
OPEN A DEPOSIT/OPTION  
ACCOUNT AND ONE WEEK  
LATER THE BOX WILL FILL  
IT WITH OFFICER GALLOW'S  
HARD EARNED CREDITS... TAX  
FREE AND UNTRACEABLE!

NOW TO  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!

HUNDREDS OF PUNISHER  
SYMBOLS COMING AT ME!

THIS  
TIME I'LL  
FIGHT!

AAAAHHH!  
I'M OUTNUMBERED...  
GOT TO GET OUT  
OF HERE!

NEVER DONE  
THIS BEFORE... BUT I'VE  
GOT TO MATERIALIZE OUT  
OF THE CABLE! SOMEWHERE  
IN THE BANK!

CONVERTING FROM  
DIGITAL TO CORPOREAL...

...NOW!

UUUGH...!  
KOFFEE WHAT-?

THE  
PUNISHER?!

THAT'S  
RIGHT, PUNK...  
I'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR  
YOU...

NEXT ISSUE:

**FATHER  
VS. SON!**